Life in RICHMOND.

How Women Lived and Dressed During that Two Years of Captivity and Privation of the Comforts of Life.

By MRS. N. J. B.

During the first two years of the war I lived on the farm owned by my husband, who the year previous had joined the Confederate army, on the banks of the Rapidan River, in that rural and picturesque portion of Virginia designated Piedmont. Nowhere has nature done more to beautify and art less than there. The Rapidan, though a small stream at some points, in Winter swells to a blood-red, rapidly-rolling flood, to which all the mountain torrents contribute. The majestic Blue Ridge Mountains overshadow the rolling landscape.

As the Northern army was steadily moving southward, and soon would be in possession of the Piedmont district, and the dread of "Yankee insults," I determined to leave the farm in charge of the overseer, and rid myself of the perpetual care, terror, and suspense incidental to that section. So I gave him the keys, and with one of the very best of good servants, Judy, "refugeed" to Richmond, that grand central point to which all terrified or home-bereft women and children turned; a bee-hive swarming and teeming and overrun with workers and drones till the honey was all exhausted, and nothing left but bitter combs, and that, after a little, was put to the highest bidder.

It was "fashionable," for the sake of economy, to "room-keep"—that is, for an individual or party to rent one room or more, and to find marketing for themselves to live as best they could—and that meant on half rations. I knew a lady with three children in one room, who had always previously moved at the head of society and wealth. She assured me that she had not tasted meat for eight weeks. Her fine house and grounds in Fredericksburg were destroyed, and she fled for her life in the night amid the shell and cannon-balls.

I was fortunate enough to get two comfortable rooms, and with a little iron fixture before the grate, Judy cooked me many a morsel of sweet food. I was more fortunate than most of my neighbors, inasmuch as I could get from home occasionally a box of hams, fowls, hominy, meal, and potatoes; and do not let me leave out the sorghum molasses made on the farm, which I still prefer to sugar-house sirup. Surely, God put it into the hearts of the people to cultivate and make this very useful article just before the war, as it became the staple, and I believe in hundreds of cases but for it starvation would have ensued.

Our house in Richmond was a large one, and the 30 occupants lived pretty much by room-keeping, though there was board in the central part for transient or permanent lodgers.

There had been such a change in Richmond made by the influx of strangers from every section of the Confederacy, and the exigencies of the times, that it was scarcely recognizable. Social equity was in a measure inverted, and law and order went to the wall. Women, delicate, sensitive, and refined, had to assume men's work, and in every department held places of high official importance, with salaries ranging from $600 to $1,200 and upwards a month; all struggling not for wealth to hoard up, but for bread to keep the body alive.

A WOMAN'S WARDROBE.

When four years of wear and tear have exhausted a lady's wardrobe, with no goods in the country, except a few running at long intervals the blockade, and at prices too exorbitant, what can a woman do who has the wish, the laudable wish, to look well through everything, without the material for its fulfillment? Well, take two dresses of different material and color, one minus a skirt, the other a body, insert a quarter of a yard of one into the skirt of the other, make puffings of the lighter color at the top of the sleeve, and of the darker form the tight-fitting part, and notice the effect. This we did, and though mingled and mottled, it was still picturesque.

Women's bonnets will wear out; and as hats were more easily procured, hats became the style. Every woman learned to plait straw and to make her own hat, which she decked with a rich plume from some old stock, or with a guinea fowl's bright wing.

Shoes we learned to manufacture, and every rag-bag was brought into requisition to furnish thick poplin pieces or lastings. Stockings we knit. Gloves we made, in which art I myself became so expert that I could easily get $30 for each pair I could furnish the merchants.

Crinoline was harder to find a substitute for, but we arranged that by covering old steel bands with strips of cotton cloth and then reshaping and hanging together with cord. Nothing was lost.

The greatest tax upon us was the clothing for servants, which was sometimes supplied by cutting up counterpanes and blankets. Shoes with wooden soles were made to answer.

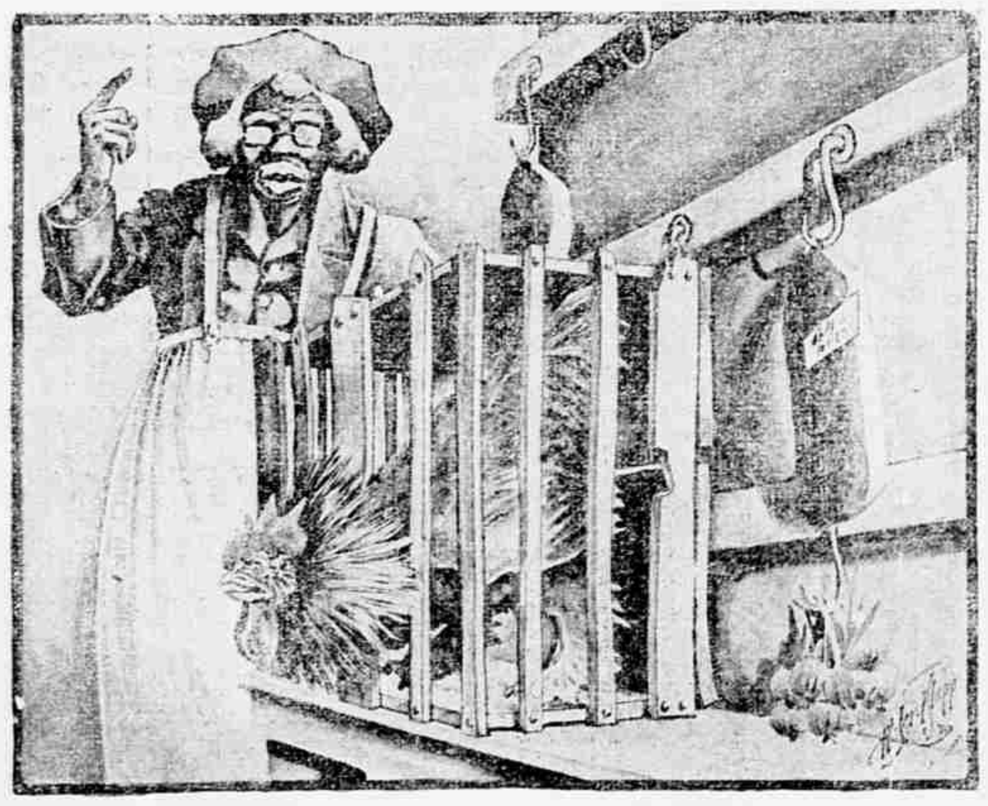
Invention was the order of the day, and Confederate puddings and pastries, with sorghum molasses taking the place of white sugar, were pronounced delicious. Coffee made from everything under the sun, from acorns to rye, gave zest to trade and emulation to speculators, who dealt in "pure coffee mixed with rye." Rye coffee is a good substitute when war and blockade shut out every available resource. I have made and drunk it on a cold Winter evening, clear and strong, and enjoyed it with a relish, and thanked God for it.

It was a curious sight in those days to look into a drug store, and in place of the usual paraphernalia of bottles, to see a second-hand bridal dress of white satin stretched at full length in the show-case with a label bearing, "For sale; $2,000." In the windows of the extensive auction houses, whose business had been brisk in other days, dresses now hung, mingled with all articles of a lady's second-hand wardrobe. I deposited a dress, white counterpane, and 150 old novels in one of these houses for sale. Books were in great demand, and an interesting novel would sell for from $12 to $25.

SCENES OF SADNESS.

Servants perambulated the streets with immense baskets holding ladies' and children's clothing, sold to buy bread for the houseless refugees—refugees from New Orleans, Memphis, and other points within the Confederacy, who with handsome wardrobes but no bread, far from home, with their husbands, fathers, and brothers fighting, disposed of superfluous articles of elegant wear, and learned to weave and wear "Virginia cloth." Looms which had been silent since the times of our grandparents once more gave their cheerful bang-bangs about the household of many a thrifty housewife, and speedily clothed the fair belles, used to nothing coarser than silk and fine wool.

I knew a lovely young woman, married for six months only, who received a letter from her husband "in the trenches," telling her that he would be at home on a certain day to remain 24 hours. She got up a little gala for him, and each neighbor furnished from some hoarded store a few grains of real coffee; one sent her a sugar-bowl of real sugar. She fixed her little parlor, had everything arranged, when, lo! in her hand was placed a letter, saying: "How grieved I am I can not tell you; but Mr. Moore's head was struck off yesterday as he raised himself from behind the trench to reconnoiter."



"OH, MISSUS, THAT ROOSTER I AX $150 FO'."

Winter found me many a time without coal; the canal had been cut, and the locks destroyed; therefore it could not be brought, as the Danville Railroad was also destroyed, the trains not having run for several weeks. Once I had lain in bed all day to keep warm. Judy had exhausted her ingenuity in devising some mode of obtaining fuel; she had burned the last box and barrel, and was fairly nonplussed. I got up and dressed myself as expeditiously as my cold fingers could dispatch tape and buttons, determined to go to the coal yard myself. It was a long way, and I met many disconsolate women, who begged me to return, as my errand would prove fruitless; but I persevered, and at last, on reaching the office of Mr. Burke, looked appealingly at him and asked for coal.

"Haven't any," he said; "have refused 500 people."

I sat down forlorn. Upon raising my eyes I found he was looking at me, upon which I took heart to say: "Do you not think that a little fine coal might possibly be scraped up, just to keep me from freezing—only that?"

His quick reply was: "I had saved a half load; you can have half it."

I felt like crying, but I didn't. I paid him $90, and in an hour's time was crying in my faithful Judy's arms, in gratitude to a cheerful blaze; but tears soon turned to smiles at her queer way of comforting:

"Good Lord, missis, while you was freezing you didn't cry; now you are warm you let your tears run. For de Lord sake hold up your head; somebody's at de do' begging to get dere hands w'am."

So I admitted the tenants, only too glad to extend the hospitality, besides lending them a half bushel of coal apiece.

BEFORE THE CAPITULATION.

I frequently went to the Legislative halls, and was sometimes pleased and sometimes disgusted. I heard Gov. Wise lecture just a month, I think, before the capitulation. The crowd was dense to suffocation. His eloquence chained my mind, riveted my ears and cheered my heart; for he, with all his native powers, in ornate and copious language pronounced emphatically that our day of deliverance was at hand.

Starvation seemed likely to ensue as the Winter waned into Spring. Meat was out of the question. Flour brought $2,000 to $3,000 per barrel.

One morning in March I went to market, and as I was slowly sauntering towards the oyster stalls I espied a chicken which almost deafened me with its lusty crowing. I asked the negro who was standing by:

"Uncle, what do you ask for your chicken?"

"Ah, missus, that rooster I ax $150 fo'."

"How old is he, Uncle?"

"I can't say, 'zactly, but it 'pears to me that coming this Summer he will be in his six year."

"And you still ask so large a sum for him?" Why, he will be as tough as leather."

"Yah! yah! Dese Confedrit times people don't stand on tough," said he.

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY.

* * * By the third day things began to assume something like law and order; but starvation was staring the whole population in the face. It is true that sutlers had opened stores of tempting food; but who had money to buy? Not one, except some of the Jews. I, myself, had not one mouthful except a quart of meal; the marketing of Saturday was exhausted, and my neighbors could not give me, as they had nothing to bestow.

One by one the men who had left the city came back, but were of no more use than a fifth wheel to a carriage. My $6,000 of Confederate money would not buy a ginger cake. Officers and men of rank, social distinction and wealth, were now forlornly sitting down to meals for which they could not pay. The landlady's stock on the fifth day consisted of half a ham and half a barrel of Irish potatoes. She posted a notice over the door for "lodgers," and several Federal officers came to the house, and she then got her first greenbacks.

I was nearly desperate, when Judy came in panting with delight. "Oh! now never say again you 'spects to starve, for God hears the young ravens when they cry—here is some money," and she put in my hand a $2 greenback—the first I ever saw. I, trained by the lessons taught during the past four years, made little tobacco pouches and filled them with tobacco and had them sold. This brought me a little. Soup houses were opened, and I have seen crowds at them dense to suffocation, with timid and refined ladies holding a little pitcher, sinking with shame, to be filled, only to keep from starvation—anything but that. I never went, but Judy did, though I could not partake of the soup.

The Sanitary Commission hoisted its flag and had distributed many comforts before I heard of it. And even after I was aware of the establishment I hesitated, from sheer independence and pride, till weakness and famine clamored for help.

I found my way there at dusk, and timidly entering ventured to inquire for Mr. Williams, the Superintendent. He appeared, and by his kind and easy manner I was made to feel less like a criminal. I can never forget his kindness, or that of Dr. McDonald, of Boston, to whom he introduced me; just at that moment, respectful language and deportment accompanying a favor granted was more welcome than I can express. Mr. Williams sent home with me a servant, laden with a box of good, substantial food, besides such delicacies as I had craved for months. Judy stood at her post as financier, general manager, supervisor, comforter, servant and friend.

In all of this time I had not heard from my husband till one day, three weeks after, the door opened, he burst into the room, and exploded in tears: "So you are alive—alive still, and I see you again."

Rumors of the most startling description had reached him of the treatment of women when Richmond was occupied by the Union troops, and the three weeks of frantic suspense had weakened his mind to exhaustion. Judy, of course, had her share of congratulation, and after having recounted our several experiences, we let our curtain drop, as I do now.

Then He Was Criticized.

While our regiment, the 3d Ohio (Spanish American war) was at Tampa, we were brigaded with the 69th N. Y. The New York regiment was composed mostly of Bowery Irishmen. There was a good feeling between the boys of the two regiments, an unusual good feeling, and the boys mutually visited each other's camps. One of the Co. M boys after one of these visits reported the following story:

A recruit had been posted as a sentry after dark and instructed according to regulations. Upon receiving the answer to his challenge, he was cautioned to be careful to use the exact words of the guard manual and say: "Advance and be recognized."

The Corporal of the Guard came along with his relief. At the proper distance the Irish boy commanded, "Halt! Who is there!" "Corporal of the Guard with relief," replied he.

"Advance Corporal, and be criticized," said the sentry.—U. C. JAMES, Co. M, 3d Ohio, (Spanish American war.)

One subscriber one guess; two subscribers two guesses for a share of that $500. **See Page 8.**

The Dominican Friars in the Philippines.

Brig.-Gen. Funston says: "I am a Protestant, but I have no feeling against the Catholic Church, and my sentiments in regard to the Dominican friars are shared by many army officers in Manila who are devout Catholics. The Dominicans control all the church property in the island of Luzon, and they have used their influences against us from the outset. They are so bitterly hated by the insurgents, as well as by the great body of the people, that I am convinced if our Government would confiscate the Dominicans' property and expel them from the islands the insurrection would fall to pieces. These friars have been active in fomenting trouble, and they are very powerful because of their enormous landed interests. They own square miles of the richest land in all the districts, which they rent to tenants. They are experts in rack-renting, for if a tenant makes improvements they promptly raise the rent."

The 18th U. S. at Chickamauga.

John L. Richabaugh, 18th U. S., Newville, Pa., writes that the monument on the battlefield of Chickamauga gives the following record of the regiment in that engagement: Entered the fight with 537 officers and men. Losses: Killed, 45; wounded, 159; missing, 91; total, 295.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

A WOUNDED MAN AT SHILOH.

Lying in a Ravine for Many Hours, He Witnessed Desperate Fighting on Two Days.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Some weeks ago your paper contained an article by Comrade Oates on the part played by the 9th Ill. at the battle of Shiloh, which attracted my attention and awakened memories that, while slumbering, are as vivid as though the events were but of yesterday. Those terrible days—April 6 and 7, 1862—were filled with events bringing suffering to many thousands and carrying sorrow to hearts in both the North and the South that still bleed because of the misery then begun.

It is not my intention to go over all the steps leading up to the battle, but rather to refer to some events chiefly inside the enemy's lines that fell under my observation. My regiment, the same of which Comrade Oates wrote, was among those first debarked at the Landing, and went into camp not far from the position occupied by Sherman at the close of the first day's battle. On Friday the 4th orders were received to be prepared to march at a moment's notice with three days' cooked rations, and by night the rations were ready, and a supply of cooked rations was kept on hand, so that when we fell into ranks Sunday morning each man could march to the field abundantly prepared.

Early that morning the sound of firing on the lines at our front had attracted attention, and, coupled with the knowledge of skirmishing on previous days, we inferred that a battle of large proportions was on.

Just as the drums had sounded for guard-mounting an Orderly dashed into camp, and in a moment the long roll sounded from the drum at headquarters. Long before stragglers, some of them wounded, had begun passing through our camp, bringing stories of disaster at the front, but instead of filling our boys with fear, they only served to inspire them with a desire to go to the front which amounted, in some cases, almost to a frenzy, and the sound of the drum was met by glad shouts from one end of the regiment to the other.

I quote from my diary, which is at hand as I write: "In less than four minutes by the watch from the beginning of the long roll, the regiment was formed on the color-line, waiting the order to march to the field." As we stood some of the stragglers were induced to fall in with us, and one young man stepped into the ranks at my side, marched to the field, and fought like a hero till we were driven out of our first position.

Without dwelling upon details of our getting into the action, so graphically given by Comrade Oates, I will say that we entered it at what became the famous Hornets' Nest, near the bloody pool. Our position was in a ravine, the right being fairly well protected; the left, being farther down, had a hill behind which we could retire to load. Soon men began to fall, for the firing on both sides was terrible. As I was ascending the hill to fire Paul Walters, who, in the confusion, had drifted from his position farther to the right, came tumbling back into my arms, the first man shot near to where I stood. We carried him to a pool of water near by, where he could quench his thirst, and returned to our place and work in the line.

After hours which seemed to multiply in length, we at the left noticed confusion to the right of our line. The line had been broken by the falling back of our supports, and, being charged from front and flank, a retreat had been ordered, but before we knew of it the right was far advanced towards the rear.

Starting back we found in a ravine at our rear the 32d Ill., which had come to our support. Here I met Capt. Armstrong, Lieut. Cogill, Abner Clotfelter, and one or two others of my company. We halted for a time, but seeing that the body of the regiment had gone still farther towards the rear, Capt. Armstrong ordered us to join them. As I was ascending the hill, only a few steps to the rear, a ball glanced across my left shoulder, tearing the clothing and scratching the skin for eight or ten inches, burning like a hot iron.

Only a step or two farther, and another struck my right hip, tearing its way through about 14 inches of flesh, striking two bones on the way, thus "giving me my pension" in earnest. I had but barely struck the ground as I fell, when a third shot, partly spent, entered my right hand. Spat, spat the bullets fell all around, each threatening death to even those already wounded.

Being unable to rise, I rolled over and over for several feet till I found myself in a little hollow, out of immediate danger. Divesting myself of haversack and cartridge-box, and placing my canteen under my head for a pillow, I tried to make myself comfortable, and began looking about me.

I discovered that the charge which had driven us from our position had been participated in by three regiments of Johnnies, one of which had come from our immediate front; the other, marching obliquely, had come from our right, and the other, by a like movement, had come from our left, all three passing in sight of where I lay, one of them making a stand in the same ravine. Our boys had evidently made a stand not far towards the rear, for those who made their halt here were solidly checked, and were driven back in a few minutes, leaving us who lay there between the lines of fire. Again they advanced, and again made their stand on the same ground, our boys fighting bravely, evidently, for their halt was again a prolonged one before they sprang to another charge, driving our lines till farther rearward.

Being now wholly within the rebel lines and away from the line of fire, there was time to look around and take in the situation. In this ravine, pierced by the crossfire from three charging lines, more than 50 men lay dead or wounded. So far as I know only two of these besides myself belonged to my regiment, though there may have been many more, as I had no way of communicating with those at any distance.

Not more than 20 feet away lay one of Co. I, known as "Portugee," from his dark complexion. He had been instantly killed, and, as he fell, grasped a small hickory tree, to which he clung in death. A little farther was one of my own company, William Haller, shot through the abdomen. We could not get to each other, but each showed the other the nature of his wound. Poor Haller died during that terrible night which followed.

Who can picture the awful scenes of the hours that followed? During the rest of the day, while the hospital parties of the enemy were passing about, many of our boys were as tenderly cared for as circumstances permitted, water being given and other help, Haller being often ministered to in this way, but when the night came, the cries of the wounded were heart-rending.

Gradually the sound of battle died away in the darkness, as each side sought much-needed rest.

Now began something which, at the time, I was at a loss to understand. All through that long night there was the sound of moving troops going to the rear along the Corinth road. Wagons and artillery mingled their sounds with those of marching infantry. What could it mean? Were our men reinforced? Had the tide of battle turned?

The answer came in the morning, when we found only a cavalry picket-line between us and our own men. Looking down the ravine in which I lay to where it broadened into a wide bottom I saw this line, but, uneasy and broken, and witnessed the heroic efforts of its commander to keep it in position. At last the men were seen to drop upon their horses' necks and gallop to the rear, followed by the jeers and shouts, feeble though they were, of those who remained alive from the struggle of the preceding day.

In the ravine where the 9th had made its first stand was the rebel line. Here a stand was made, and from here, by a charge driving our line back, they advanced to where we lay. Again and again our men charged, to be driven back, until the ground was taken three times, making five times we who lay there had been between the firing.

It was a glad sight to us to look again upon the flags and blue uniforms of our men! Now we knew that victory was assured, and we forgot the horrors of the night in the joy of that moment. During the night the rain had fallen, bringing both relief and suffering—relief to some whose wounds it cooled and whose thirst it quenched suffering to many another. Near me was an officer who had fallen in the bed of the ravine, and who was surrounded by water as it ran, who only saved himself from drowning by severe effort to keep his head above the water. Some of Buell's men lifted him to higher ground. To me relief was given by so benumbing my wound that, when it was safe to do, I arose and walked to where a field-hospital had been established. I was able to use crutches nearly two months later.—WM. H. ILSLEY, Co. H, 9th Ill., Leon, Iowa.

POURING FORTH DESTRUCTION.

A Fierce Little Scrimmage Which Saved Two Union Guns.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: On the morning of June 29, 1862, Co. H, 3d Pa. Cav., were ordered to do picket duty near Willis Church, on the Peninsula, Va. Our army, under McClellan, was then changing its base, moving over to Harrison's Landing on the James. Upon our arrival in a piece of woods through which the road we were on passed, we found two of our guns in position posted behind a rail fence a few rods from the road and completely commanding it; this road led out over the fields for at least a half mile to another piece of timber, and was perfectly straight and as level as a railroad.

Just then an order come to our company to send a detail of an officer and 12 men for picket duty, and they proceeded out over the road that our guns commanded to the piece of timber beyond, to be there placed as videts. Lieut. Wm. E. Miller was the officer in charge of the detail, and no better or braver man ever drew a saber, as he afterwards at the battle of Gettysburg and many other fields proved. The balance of our company dismounted near the guns and were feeding their horses.

About this time the detail had reached the timber beyond, where we heard a furious cracking of carbines and revolvers, and in a perfect cloud of dust could see the Confederates charging our small detail in the road over which they had gone but a few minutes before, and yelling and shooting.

An officer, said to be an Aid on some General's staff, came dashing in ahead of our detail, and yelled to the officer left in command of our company, telling him to break or all would be captured. He was partly taken at his word, as some of our men retired farther into the woods, being compelled to lead their horses, as many had unsaddled and would not have time to saddle up again before the charging column would be upon them.

I heard the officer commanding the two guns say, "Men, don't leave me," and remained where I was, and that is why I saw what I am about to describe.

The rebels came on after our fleeing videts. The officer commanding the guns jumped upon the fence. His men were ready to fire, but he ordered them to hold, saying, "You now have range of the bluecoats," our men of course being in front of the charging column. He bravely remained in this position until the center of the rebel column was fairly in range of his guns, whilst their front was only a short distance from them, when he gave the command to fire. The command was promptly obeyed. It had a telling effect upon the enemy, driving double charges of canister right into their flank about the center of their column, completely demoralizing their whole force for a short time. Their front of column attempted to retreat, whilst their rear, not fully understanding the situation, tried to push forward, thereby causing a jam and tangle that lasted for several minutes.

During this interval the guns continued to pour charge after charge of canister into their ranks. Many of our company having rallied by this time used their carbines and revolvers to good effect. Soon, however, a retreat was commenced by the enemy, and having now reformed we charged after them.

We found the road on which they were during the engagement to be literally strewn with killed and wounded men and their horses. We were told that there were 400 of them in the charge, out of which number we counted 70 killed and mortally wounded.

We had but one man killed; his name was Cornelius Vanderbilt; two or three others were slightly wounded.

Shortly after the affair was over Gen. McClellan happened along the way, and after having learned all the particulars, highly complimented the 3d Cav. and the artillery who were engaged in the fight.

I have been anxious ever since to learn the name of the officer who commanded those two guns that morning. I feel quite certain that they belonged to Co. C of a Pennsylvania battery, and believe that the officer in command of them was as cool and nervy a man as ever served under our old flag in any war our country has ever had, and one fully entitled to a medal of honor, which I believe would be conferred upon him if the authorities of our Government knew of the valor he displayed upon that occasion. It was certainly through his courage and coolness that we gained such a complete victory that morning.

The charging column belonged to the 1st N. C. Cav., and was led by a Major, who was killed near our guns. Had the enemy pushed on a little farther they would certainly have captured our guns, as our force present at that time was too weak to hold out long against such superior numbers.

I will add that the road over which the enemy charged had a fence on each side of it, so that they could not get away from our fire, except by retreating back over the same route over which he had come.

Our victory was a complete one, but owing to the great battles that were fought immediately before and after, in which the greater portion of the armies was engaged, one like this, in which so few men were engaged, was almost entirely forgotten.—W. H. BRICKER, 3d Pa. Cav., Beaver Falls, Pa.

CROSSING AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Gallant Military Work of the 89th N. Y. and 7th Mich. in Gaining a Foothold.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade J. H. Wright seems to be, as the Scotch folks say, in something of a swither regarding the conditions which prevailed at the crossing of the river at the battle of Fredericksburg. He seems to be a fair writer, wanting only the facts. Like myself, he was only a small unit in a very large affair; being so, I only knew what was going on in my immediate vicinity. I flatter myself that I can explain the crossing of the river so he will understand it perfectly, and that without in the least detracting from the accomplishments of any other organization. The Lieutenant (Northrup) of whom he speaks was then a Sergeant in my company (A, 89th N. Y.), and I regret to say I recently saw a notice of his death in a number of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

On the evening of Dec. 10, 1862, the regiment of which we were members, together with the 48th N. Y., were sent down to the bank of the river presumably to protect the engineers while engaged in laying the bridge. Does the comrade remember that there was snow upon the ground and that there was considerable ice on the river, the weather being very cold? This bridge was directly in front of the Lacy house, and opposite the lower end of the city.

There was nothing to do but to stand up or lie down in the snow. This we proceeded to do. When daylight came the bridge had not been completed. At this point a battalion of the enemy came down a lane exactly opposite our position, marching in column of fours. Reaching the edge of the water, direction was changed to the right, and the commanding officer ordered in a ringing voice: "Halt!—Front!—Ready—Aim—Fire!" Down to this point not an officer or man had stirred or said a word. The writer hereof was so nearly frozen that he could not move his arms or legs. A shower of bullets came, and in 30 seconds I was as warm and comfortable as one could be. The officers began to talk to the men, and we rattled the Johnnies out of there in short order.

They then ensconced themselves behind the walls at the foot of the gardens, and in spite of the heaviest fire of both regiments they would kill our engineers on the bridge. At or about 2 o'clock p. m. an order came directing that the 89th N. Y. get into the remaining boats, cross the river, and dislodge the enemy.

It looked like a forlorn hope, and it was so to a certain extent. The bluff behind us was, say, 75 feet high, from which the country was comparatively level. Near the brink of the bluff had been placed for our protection from 60 to 75 pieces of artillery, and when the boats started those guns opened on the walls, our shots passing over the heads of the men. When the boats struck the other side, some signal was given, the firing ceased, our fellows sprang ashore, and made the rebels prisoners before they realized that the cannonading had ceased. These are the facts as asked for by Comrade J. A. Wright.

The 7th Mich. performed the same work at the upper bridge, neither regiment being in sight of the other, so that whatever there was of valor in the case belonged to each of the regiments engaged. Looking over the whole action the comrade, in common with myself and others, has probably come to the conclusion that it was the biggest fool battle of the whole war. Gen. Burnside was forced into it, either by the authorities at Washington or sickly public sentiment, to which no attention should have been paid. Any thoughtful person reflecting on the position of the army after we were so signally defeated, can not do otherwise than accord great credit to the commanding General for the consummate skill displayed in retiring from the immediate presence of a powerful enemy, flushed with the pride of the great victory, across a broad river, with the loss of only a few thousand cartridges. The disaster was so tremendous that Burnside never received any credit for, in my judgment, the most successful retreat accomplished during the war.—R. P. CORMACK, Captain, Co. A, 89th N. Y., Delhi, N. Y.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

CAPTURED TWO SECTIONS.

Horace Welch, Lieutenant, Co. I, 125th Ohio, Third Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps, says that by reference to his diary he has the following to quote: "The men of the 125th Ohio, Sheridan's Division of the Fourth Corps, were among the first to mount the breastworks near Bragg's headquarters. The Johnnies broke and ran as we clambered over the works. Just to our left, not more than 20 steps from where I got over, was a battery of two guns. The guns were pointed away from us, and were being fired in the direction of Hazen's Brigade, then mounting the rebel works in their front. We charged upon them. I called upon them to surrender. The officer who was with them surrendered to me his sword and pistol, and I sent him to the rear under guard, at his request. He said he was afraid to go alone, as the boys had been shouting 'Remember Chickamauga.'

"I did not take the time to ask this officer's name or rank, as just then I saw a soldier tear down the colors from a staff planted close to the house and thrust them inside of his blouse and run back toward the guns. The men of the 125th Ohio were by that time on the double-quick after the Johnnies, who were being hampered in their retreat by their effort to carry off two more pieces of artillery. I joined in the chase; the Johnnies made good time on the down-hill grade, but when they got, say, about halfway up the next or second ridge, we had gotten uncomfortably close and they abandoned the guns. We pursued them no farther, as it was beginning to grow dark. I put out pickets and we went into bivouac there and began to investigate the contents of our haversacks. I did not inspect those two guns. I only noticed that they were fine brass cannon.

"About 10 or 11 o'clock, Gen. Wood with an escort approaching from the rear was challenged, when, giving his name and rank, I ordered him to approach, which he did, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said: 'What regiment, Lieutenant.' I replied, 'The 125th Ohio,' when he exclaimed: 'Opdycke's Tigers!' What are you doing out here to the front?' 'Guarding these two field-pieces, captured from the enemy,' said I. He said: 'Remain as you are. I will send a detail to bring them in and guide you to your regiment.'"

This was afterwards done. The writer believes that the two guns last mentioned were those named "Lady Breckinridge" and "Lady Buckner." The guns that were surely captured by them a half-mile or so east of the Ridge his men left to their friends and who might come after and hurried on to capture the other pair that the rebels were trying to take off the field.

SMITH'S GUERRILLAS.

W. M. Gifford, Lewiston, Neb., was in the First Brigade, Third Division, Sixteenth Corps, a member of the 89th Ind. "We had just returned from the Meridian expedition," he says, "and started without renewing our wearing apparel and looked quite rusty. Just above the mouth of the Red River the troops went ashore near a large plantation with a fine residence. A guard was placed over the property. The soldiers remained in the neighborhood an hour or two, then went aboard the boat again. As our boat pulled out I noticed flames coming from the residence, which was ere long a ruin. This was of course contrary to orders, but it was in line with what we had been doing as we crossed Mississippi with Sherman. Banks heard of this, and, it having happened in his department, he was pretty warm. He remarked that he had sent to Sherman for 10,000 of his best men, but that Sherman instead had sent him a band of ragged guerrillas. That was the way we got the name of 'Smith's Guerrillas.' Banks was glad to call on us to help him out on the ensuing trip."